

*The Historie of*

The very bottome and the soule of Hope,  
The very list, the very vtmost bound  
Of all our Fortunes.

*Dowg.* Fayth, and so we should,  
Where now remains a sweet reuerfion.  
We may boldly spend vpon the hope of what t'is to come in  
A comfort of retirement liues in this.

*Hot.* A randeuous, a home to fly vnto,  
If that the Diuell and Mischance looke big  
Vpon the maydenhead of our affaires.

*Wor.* But yet I would your Father had been heere:  
The qualitie and heire of our attempt  
Brookes no deuifion, it will be thought  
By some, that know not why he is away,  
That wisedome, loyalty, and meere dislike  
Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence.  
And thinke, how such an apprehension  
May turne the tide of fearefull faction,  
And breed a kind of question in our cause:  
For, well you know, we of the offring side,  
Must keepe aloofe from strict arbitrement,  
And stop all fight-holes, euery loope, from whence  
The eye of reason may pricke in vpon vs:  
This absence of your Father drawes a curtaine,  
That shewes the ignorant, a kind of feare  
Before not dreamt of.

*Hot.* You straine too farre.  
I rather of his absence make this vse,  
It lendes a lustre and more great opinion,  
A larger dare to your great enterprize,  
Then if the Earle were heere: for men must thinke,  
If we without his helpe, can make a head  
To push against the Kingdome, with his helpe,  
We shall, or turne it topsie turuy downe:  
Yet all goes well, yet all our ioynts are whole.

*Dowg.* As heart can thinke, there is not such a word  
Spoke of in Scotland, at this deame of feare.

*Enter Sir Rib. Vernon.*

*Henrie the*

*Hot.* My coosen Vernon, welc

*Ver.* Pray God my newes be  
The Earle of Wesmerland, seauen  
Is marching hitherwards, with I

*Hot.* No harme, what more?

*Ver.* And further, I haue learn  
The King himselfe in person har  
Or hitherwards intended speedil  
With strong and mightie prepar

*Hot.* He shall be welcome too  
The nimble-footed madcap, Prin  
And his Cumrades, that dast the  
And bid it passe?

*Ver.* All furnisht? all in Arme  
All plumde like Estriges, that wit  
Bayted like Eagles, hauing lately,  
Glittering in golden Coates like  
As full of spirit as the month of M  
And gorgeous as the Sunne at M  
Wanton as yo uthfull Goates, wil  
I saw young Harry with his Beu  
His Cushes on his thighes, gallant  
Rise from the ground like feather  
And vaulted with such ease into h  
As if an Angell dropt downe from  
To turne and winde a fiery Pega  
And witch the world with noble

*Hot.* No more, no more; worse  
This prayse doth nourish Agues;  
They come like Sacrifices in their  
And to the fire-cyde mayde of sin  
All hot and bleeding, will we offer  
The mayled Mars shall, on his Alt  
Vp to the cares in Blood. I am on  
To heare this rich reprizall is so n  
And yet not ours. Come, let me tak  
Who is to beare me like a thunder-  
Against the bosome of the Prince of

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